

The Thrush

*All day the thrush sings,
the lilac hedge is in bloom --
the window stays closed.*

Haiku

*The table is set,
the bride sings -- before nightfall
a ship leaves the port.*

Yellow Grass

*Yellow grass whispers,
the old pine gives green shelter;
waiting, I am cold.*

Return

*This is the street, this
the house; at last I come home.
I have lost the key.*

-- Herta Rosenblatt

Peapack, New Jersey